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The Literary World was removed on the 15th ult. to 109 Nassau street, where all Communications, Letters, &c., must be hereafter addressed.

THE FOUNDER OF THE "HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES."

A PASSAGE FROM HAWTHORNE'S FORTHCOMING ROMANCE.

FAMILIAR as it stands in the writer's recollection,—for it has been an object of curiosity with him from boyhood, both as a specimen of the best and stateliest architecture of a long-past epoch, and as the scene of events more full of human interest, perhaps, than those of a grey feudal castle,—familiar as it stands, in its rusty old age, it is therefore only the more difficult to imagine the bright novelty with which it first caught the sunshine. The impression of its actual state, at this distance of a hundred and sixty years, darkens, inevitably, through the picture which we would fain give of its appearance on the morning when the Puritan magnate bade all the town to be his guests. A ceremony of consecration, festive as well as religious, was now to be performed. A prayer and discourse from the Rev. Mr. Higginson, and the outpouring of a psalm from the general throat of the community, was to be made acceptable to the grosser sense by ale, cider, wine, and brandy, in copious effusion; and, as some authorities aver, by an ox roasted whole, or, at least, by the weight and substance of an ox, in more manageable joints and sirloins. The carcase of a deer, shot within twenty miles, had supplied material for the vast circumference of a pasty. A cod-fish, of sixty pounds, caught in the bay, had been dissolved into the rich liquid of a chowder. The chimney of the new house, in short, belching forth its kitchen-smoke, impregnated the whole air with the scent of meats, fowls, and fishes, spicily concocted with odoriferous herbs, and onions in abundance. The mere smell of such festivity, making its way to everybody's nostrils, was at once an invitation and an appetite.

Maul's-lane, or Pyncheon-street, as it were now more decorous to call it, was thronged at the appointed hour, as with a congregation on its way to church. All, as they approached, looked upwards at the imposing edifice, which was henceforth to assume its rank among the habitations of mankind. There it rose, a little withdrawn from the line of the street, but in pride, not modesty. Its whole visible exterior was ornamented with quaint figures, conceived in the grotesqueness of a gothic fancy, and

drawn or stamped in the glittering plaster, composed of lime, pebbles, and bits of glass, with which the wood-work of the walls was overspread. On every side, the seven gables pointed sharply towards the sky, and presented the aspect of a whole sisterhood of edifices, breathing through the spiracles of one great chimney. The many lattices, with their small, diamond-shaped panes, admitted the sunlight into hall and chamber; while, nevertheless, the second story, projecting far over the base, and itself retiring beneath the third, threw a shadow and thoughtful gloom into the lower rooms. Carved globes of wood were affixed under the jutting stories. Little spiral rods of iron beautified each of the seven peaks. On the triangular portion of the gable that fronted next the street, was a dial, put up that very morning, and on which the sun was still marking the passage of the first bright hour in a history that was not destined to be all so bright. All around were scattered shavings, chips, shingles, and broken halves of bricks; these, together with the lately-turned earth, on which the grass had not begun to grow, contributed to the impression of strangeness and novelty proper to a house that had yet its place to make among men's daily interests.

The principal entrance, which had almost the breadth of a church-door, was in the angle between the two front gables, and was covered by an open porch, with benches beneath its shelter. Under this arched door-way, scraping their feet on the unworn threshold, now trod the clergymen, the elders, the magistrates, the deacons, and whatever of aristocracy there was in town or county. Thither, too, thronged the plebeian classes, as freely as their betters, and in larger number. Just within the entrance, however, stood two serving-men, pointing some of the guests to the neighborhood of the kitchen, and ushering others into the statelier rooms,—hospitable alike to all, but still with a scrutinizing regard to the high or low degree of each. Velvet garments, sombre but rich, stiffly-plaited ruffs and bands, embroidered gloves, venerable beards, the mien and countenance of authority, made it easy to distinguish the gentleman of worship, at that period, from the tradesman, with his plodding air, or the laborer, in his leathern jerkin, stealing awestricken into the house which he had perhaps helped to build.

One inauspicious circumstance there was, which awakened a hardly-concealed displeasure in the breasts of a few of the more punctilious visitors. The founder of this stately mansion—a gentleman noted for the square and ponderous courtesy of his demeanor—ought surely to have stood in his own hall, and to have offered the first welcome to so many eminent personages as here presented themselves in honor of his solemn festival. He was as yet invisible; the most favored of the guests had not beheld him. This sluggishness on Colonel Pyncheon's part became still more unaccountable, when the second dignitary of the province made his appearance, and found no more ceremonious a reception. The lieutenant-governor, although his visit was one of the anticipated glories of the day, had alighted from his horse, and assisted his lady from her side-saddle, and crossed the colonel's threshold,

without other greeting than that of the principal domestic.

This person—a grey-headed man, of quiet and most respectful deportment—found it necessary to explain that his master still remained in his study, or private apartment; on entering which, an hour before, he had expressed a wish on no account to be disturbed.

"Do not you see, fellow," said the high sheriff of the county, taking the servant aside, "that this is no less a man than the lieutenant-governor? Summon Colonel Pyncheon at once! I know that he received letters from England this morning; and, in the perusal and consideration of them, an hour may have passed away, without his noticing it. But he will be ill-pleased, I judge, if you suffer him to neglect the courtesy due to one of our chief rulers, and who may be said to represent King William, in the absence of the governor himself. Call your master instantly!"

"Nay, please your worship," answered the man, in much perplexity, but with a backwardness that strikingly indicated the hard and severe character of Colonel Pyncheon's domestic rule; "my master's orders were exceeding strict; and, as your worship knows, he permits of no discretion in the obedience of those who owe him service. Let who list open yonder door; I dare not, though the governor's own voice should bid me do it!"

"Pooh, pooh, master high sheriff!" cried the lieutenant-governor, who had overheard the foregoing discussion, and felt himself high enough in station to play a little with his dignity. "I will take the matter into my own hands. It is time that the good colonel came forth to greet his friends; else we shall be apt to suspect that he has taken a sip too much of his Canary wine, in his extreme deliberation which cask it were best to broach, in honor of the day! But since he is so much behindhand, I will give him a remembrancer myself!"

Accordingly, with such a tramp of his ponderous riding-boots as might of itself have been audible in the remotest of the seven gables, he advanced to the door, which the servant pointed out, and made its new panels re-echo with a loud, free knock. Then, looking round, with a smile, to the spectators, he awaited a response. As none came, however, he knocked again, but with the same unsatisfactory result as at first. And now, being a trifle choleric in his temperament, the lieutenant-governor uplifted the heavy hilt of his sword, wherewith he so beat and banged upon the door, that, as some of the bystanders whispered, the racket might have disturbed the dead. Be that as it might, it seemed to produce no awakening effect on Colonel Pyncheon. When the sound subsided, the silence through the house was deep, dreary, and oppressive, notwithstanding that the tongues of many of the guests had already been loosened by a surreptitious cup or two of wine or spirits.

"Strange, forsooth!—very strange!" cried the lieutenant-governor, whose smile was changed to a frown. "But seeing that our host sets us the good example of forgetting ceremony, I shall likewise throw it aside, and make free to intrude on his privacy!"

He tried the door, which yielded to his hand,

and was flung wide open by a sudden gust of wind that passed, as with a loud sigh, from the outermost portal, through all the passages and apartments of the new house. It rustled the silken garments of the ladies, and waved the longcurls of the gentlemen's wigs, and shook the window-hangings and the curtains of the bed-chambers; causing everywhere a singular stir, which yet was more like a hush. A shadow of awe and half-fearful anticipation—nobody knew wherefore, nor of what—had all at once fallen over the company.

They thronged, however, to the now open door, pressing the lieutenant-governor, in the eagerness of their curiosity, into the room in advance of them. At the first glimpse they beheld nothing extraordinary; a handsomely-furnished room, of moderate size, somewhat darkened by curtains; books arranged on shelves: a large map on the wall, and likewise a portrait of Colonel Pyncheon, beneath which sat the original Colonel himself, in an oaken elbow-chair, with a pen in his hand. Letters, parchments, and blank sheets of paper, were on the table before him. He appeared to gaze at the curious crowd, in front of which stood the lieutenant-governor; and there was a frown on his dark and massive countenance, as if sternly resentful of the boldness that had impelled them into his private retirement.

A little boy—the colonel's grandchild, and the only human being that ever dared to be familiar with him—now made his way among the guests, and ran towards the seated figure; then pausing half-way, he began to shriek with terror. The company, tremulous as the leaves of a tree, when all are shaking together, drew nearer, and perceived that there was an unnatural distortion in the fixedness of Colonel Pyncheon's stare; that there was blood on his ruff, and that his hoary beard was saturated with it. It was too late to give assistance. The iron-hearted Puritan—the relentless persecutor—the grasping and strong-willed man was dead! Dead, in his new house!

Thus early had that one guest—the only guest who is certain, at one time or another, to find his way into every human dwelling—thus early had Death stepped across the threshold of the House of the Seven Gables!

FALSTAFF IN THE "MERRY WIVES."

[From the new edition of SHAKESPEARE, by Henry Norman Hudson, in the press of Munroe & Co.]

As a specimen of pure comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* by general concession stands unrivalled; the play being not only replete with the most ludicrous situations and predicaments, but surpassingly rich both in quality and variety of comic characterization. To say nothing of Falstaff, who is an inexhaustible storehouse of laughter-moving preparations, there is comic matter enough in the other persons to keep the world in perpetual laughter. Though historically connected with the reign of Henry IV., the play is otherwise a delineation of the manners and humors of the Poet's time: in which view we need but compare it with Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humor*, great as is the latter, to see "how much easier it was to vanquish the rest of Europe than to contend with Shakspeare."

The action of this play proceeds throughout by intrigue; meaning thereby such a complication of cross-purposes and conflicting aims, wherein the several persons strive to outwit and circumvent one another. And the stratagems all have the appropriate merit of causing a grateful surprise, and a perplexity that interests because it stops short of confusion; while the awkward and grotesque predicaments,

into which the persons throw each other by their cross-plotting and counter-plotting, are often a source of exquisite diversion. The play finely illustrates, moreover, though in its own peculiar line, the general order and method of Shakespeare's art; the surrounding parts falling in with the central one, and the subordinate plots drawing, as by a hidden impulse, into harmony with the leading one: if Falstaff be doomed to repeated collapses from a hero into a butt, that others may laugh at him instead of with him, the Welsh Parson and French Doctor are also defeated of their revenge, just as they are getting over the preliminary pains and vexations, and while pluming themselves with forthcoming honors are suddenly deplumed into "vouting-stogs;" Page and his wife no sooner begin to exult in their success than they are taken down by the thirst of a counter-stratagem, and left to the double shame of ignobly failing in a disreputable undertaking; and Ford's jealousy is mad to scourge him with the very whip he has twisted for the scourging of its object. Thus all the more prominent characters have to chew the ashes of disappointment in turn, their plans being thwarted, and themselves made ridiculous, just as they are on the point of grasping their several fruits. But Falstaff is the only one of them that rises by falling, and extracts grace out of his very disgraces. For in him the grotesque and ludicrous is evermore laughing and chuckling over itself: he makes comedies extempore out of his own shames and infirmities; and is himself the most delighted spectator of the side-shaking scenes where himself figures as chief actor.

This observation and enjoyment of the comical as exhibited in himself, which forms perhaps the leading characteristic of Sir John, and explains much in him that were else inexplicable, is here seen, however, laboring under something of an eclipse. The truth is, Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere; and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it,—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place: nor does it seem probable that the Poet would have exhibited him thus, but that he were moved thereto by something else than the native promptings of his genius. For of love in any right or respectable sense Sir John is essentially incapable; and to represent him otherwise, had been to contradict, not carry out, his character. Shakespeare doubtless understood this; and, being thus reduced to the alternative of committing a gross breach of decorum or of making the hero unsuccessful, the moral sanity of his genius left him no choice. Accordingly Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practises as for what is practised upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by that he suffers than by that he does. So that the internal evidence of the play strongly favors the tradition of the Queen's requesting to see Falstaff in love; as such request affords the only clear solution of the Poet's representing one who was plainly a favorite with him in so unsuitable a quality. For, if we may believe Hazlitt, "wits and philosophers seldom shine in that character;" and whether this be true or not, it is certain that "Sir John by no means comes off with flying colors."

But Falstaff, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is still so far himself that "naught but himself can be his conqueror." If he be overmatched, it is not so much by the strength or skill of his antagonists, as from his being persuaded, seemingly against his will and for the

pleasure of others, into a line of adventure where he is not qualified to thrive. His incomparable art of turning adversities into commodities; the good-humored strategy whereby he manages to divert off all unpleasant feeling of his vices and frailties; the marvellous agility and aptness of wit which, with a vesture of odd and whimsical constructions, at once hides the offensive and discovers the comical features of his conduct; the same towering impudence and sublime effrontery, which so lift him aloft in his subsequent exploits; and the overpowering eloquence of exaggeration, with which he delights to set off and heighten whatsoever is most ludicrous in his own person or situation; all these qualities, though not in their full bloom and vigor, are here to be seen in triumphant exercise.

Upon the whole, however, this bringing forth of Sir John more for exposure than for exhibition is not altogether grateful to those whom he has so often convulsed into health: though he still gives us wholesome shaking, we feel that it costs him too much: the rare exhilaration he affords us elsewhere, and even here, invests him with a sort of humorous reverence; insomuch that we can hardly help pity even while we approve his merited, yet scarcely merited, shames and failures; and we would fain make out some excuse for him on the score of these slips, occurring earlier in his life, when experience had not yet disciplined away the natural vanity which may sometimes lead a man of genius to fancy himself the object of the tender passion. And in like manner we are apt to apologize for the Poet's exposure of his and our favorite, on the ground that, being to represent him in an enterprise where he could not deserve success, nor even work for it but by knavery, he was under a strong moral necessity of causing him not only to be thwarted, but to become the laughing-stock of those who thwart him, and, which is especially galling to one so wit-proud as Sir John, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." And we are the more disposed to leniency towards Falstaff amid his unparalleled swannings, forasmuch as his merry persecutors are but a sort of decorous, respectable, common-place people, who borrow their chief importance from the victim of their mischievous sport; and if they are not so bad as to make us wish him success, neither are they so good that we like to see them grow at his expense. But on this point Mr. Verplank has spoken so aptly, that mere justice to the subject bids us quote him: "Our choler would rise, despite of us, against Cleopatra herself, should she presume to make a dupe and tool of regal old Jack, the natural lord and master of all about him; and, though not so atrociously immoral as to wish he had succeeded with the Windsor gipsies, we plead guilty to the minor turpitude of sympathy, when he tells his persecutors, with brightening visage and exultant twinkle of eye,—'I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.'"

A further account of this huge magazine of comedies must be deferred till we encounter him at the noon of his glory, stealing, drinking, lying, recruiting, warring, and discoursing of wine, wit, valor, and honor, with Prince Hal at his side to wrestle forth the prodigies of his big-teeming brain.

Sir John's followers are under the cloud with him, being little more than the shadows of what they appear when their master is fully himself: the light of Bardolph's nose is not well kindled yet; Pistol, ancient Pistol's tongue

has not yet learned to strut with such potent impotence as it elsewhere waxes great withal. Quickly, however, is altogether herself as far as she goes, and she lets off some brilliancies that would not discredit her maturity in the more congenial atmosphere of Eastcheap; though of course we may not expect her to be the woman now that she will be when she has known Sir John "these twenty-nine years, come peaseod time." Acting here in the capacity of a matchmaker and go-between, her perfect impartiality towards all of Ann Page's suitors, both in the service she renders and in the return she accepts, finely exemplifies the indefatigable benevolence of that class of worthies towards themselves, and is so true to the life of a certain perpetual sort of people, as almost to make one believe in the transmigration of souls. "Mine Host of the Garter" is indeed a model of a host: up to anything, and brimful of fun, so that it runs out at the ends of his fingers, nothing suits him so well as to uncork the wit-holders of his guests, unless, peradventure, it be to uncork his wine-holders for them. His exhilarating conceit of practical shrewdness—"Am I politie? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?"—which serves as oil to make the wheels of his mind run smooth and glib, is richly characteristic, both of himself individually and of the class he represents. Sir Hugh Evans is an odd marriage of the ludicrous and the respectable. In his officious simplicity he moralizes the play much better, doubtless, than a wiser man could do it. The scene where, in expectation of the fight with the French doctor, he is full of "cholers," and "trempling of mind," and "melancholies," and has "a great dispositions to cry," and strikes up a lullaby to the palpitations of his heart without seeming to know it, while those palpitations in turn scatter his memory and discompose his singing, is replete with a quiet delicacy of humor, hardly to be surpassed. It is quite probable, as hath been said, that both he and Dr. Caius are delineations, slightly caricatured, of what the Poet had seen and conversed with; there being a portrait-like reality and effect about them, with just enough infusion of the ideal to lift them into the region of art.

Hazlitt boldly pronounces Shakspeare "the only writer who was as great in describing weakness as strength." However this may be, we are pretty sure that, after Falstaff, there is not a greater piece of work in the play than Master Abraham Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow, Esq.,—dainty sprout, or rather sapling of provincial gentry, who, once seen, is never to be forgotten. In his consequential verdancy, his aristocratic official boobyism, and his lean-witted, lack-brained originality, this pithless hereditary squiring is altogether imitable and irresistible; a tall though slender specimen of most effective imbecility, whose manners and character must needs be all from within, because he lacks force of nature enough to shape or dress himself by any model. Mr. Hallam, whose judgment in such things is not often at fault, thinks Slender was intended as "a satire on the brilliant youth of the provinces," such as they were "before the introduction of newspapers and turnpike roads; awkward and boobyish among civil people, but at home in rude sports, and proud of exploits at which the town would laugh, yet, perhaps, with more courage and good nature than the laughers."

Ford's jealousy is managed with great skill so as to help on the plot, bringing out a series of the richest incidents, and drawing the most savory issues from the mellow, juicy old sinner on whom he is practising. The means

whereby he labors to justify his passion, spreading temptations and thenconcerting surprises, are quite as wicked as anything Falstaff does, and have, besides, the further crime of exceeding meanness; but both their meanness and their wickedness are of the kind that rarely fail to be their own punishment. The way in which his passion is made to sting and lash him into reason, and the crafty discretion of his wife in glutting his disease, and thereby making an opportunity to show him what sort of stuff it lives on, are admirable instances of the wisdom with which the Poet delights to underpin his most fantastical creations. The counter-plotting, also, of Page and his wife to sell their daughter against her better sense, are about as far from virtue as the worst purposes of Sir John; though their sins are of a more respectable kind than to expose them to ridicule. But we are the more willing to forget their unhandsome practices herein, because of their good-natured efforts at last to make Falstaff forget his sad miscarriages, and to compose whatsoever vexations and disquietudes still remain, in a well crowned cup of social merriment. Anne Page is but an average specimen of discreet, placid, innocent mediocrity, yet with a mind of her own, in whom we can feel no such interest as a rich father causes to be felt by those about her. In her and Fenton a slight dash of romance is given to the play; their love forming a barely audible undertone of poetry in the grand chorus of comicalities, as if on purpose that while the sides are shaken the heart may not be left altogether untouched.

[From the *March Whig Review*.]

DISADVANTAGES OF BEING BORN IN ONE'S OWN COUNTRY.

CHARLES LAMB once presented to the world a capital and conclusive paper on the inconveniences of being hanged; and, prompted by my own experiences, I shall be able to establish, I am pretty sure, that one might as well be hanged as —

This is broaching the matter too bluntly: I must approach the grand *Quod Erat Demonstrandum* with a little preparation. It will not do to state, in so many words, that it would have been more comfortable for me to have been born a Caribbean, with the privilege of wielding a club in my own defence; or a Choctaw, with the inalienable natural right of cleaving my enemy's skull with a tomahawk; or a Hindoo, with idols of my own to worship, and not imposed on me by other nations, although they might be of wood; or, in a word, anybody else, or anywhere else, than a free Republican citizen of this vast confederacy. I propose to begin at the beginning, and to show, in my own simple history, the utter absurdity of being born an American; that in the creation of an American, Nature intends a huge joke; or, to sum up all in brief, that it may be fairly doubted, if not entirely demonstrated, whether, properly speaking, there is any such place as America. I am willing to admit that the title "America" does appear in various geographies, gazetteers, and other publications of a like kind; also, that there is a certain considerable superficial space marked off in many, perhaps in all of the maps or atlases in common use, which passes, also, under that designation: but whether there is any distinctive country, with its own proper customs, habits, and self-relying usages, answering to that name, or any such characteristic creature, representing such customs, habits, and usages, called American, will appear or not, when we have advanced a little further in the subject.

I was first led to entertain doubts in this way. It was the custom of my father—peace to his memory!—to have me accompany him to the shop of the barber, where he submitted every other day to his quarterly shaving. In these visits, it happened, not rarely, when the shop was well attended with customers, that I, a lad perhaps some five or six years of age, was prompted to mount a chair, and recite or improvise a brief oration on some current subject arising at the moment; and my success was often so considerable that I received an honorary gratuity of a sixpenny piece—which altogether inspired me with the feeling that native talent was held in high esteem among my countrymen. This opinion I cherished and held fast to till my tenth year, when my mind was disturbed by the unusual commotion in the same shop at the announcement of the death of the British Premier, George Canning, and the appearance, shortly thereafter, in an honorary gilt frame, of a colored head of the said Canning, assigned to the most conspicuous position on the wall. This shock was followed up with a pair of boots, purchased for my juvenile wearing, which I heard named Wellingtons, and which, vended as they were freely in my native city here of New York, I learned were so named in honor of a distinguished general who had spent his life in fighting the battles of the English Government.

As I grew in years evidences thickened upon me. To say nothing of Liverpool coal, Kidderminster carpets, and such indoor importations, I found the same shadow crossing my path in the public streets, laid out by the same native corporation. I struck out to the east, and found myself rambling in Albion Place; I wandered to the west, and landed in Abingdon Square; I pushed for the north, and came square upon the snag of London Terrace. I used to rub my eyes and wonder whether I was in the New World or the Old; and was afflicted with the uncomfortable sensation of the man who went to sleep in the mountains, and waking up after a twenty years' nap, opened his eyes under a republican government, although his slumbers had begun under a royal rule. Mine was merely reversed: I fancied I had slept backwards to the good old times of George the Third, and was surprised to miss the statue of that excellent king from its old post of authority in the centre of the Bowling Green, next to the Battery.

When I had grown up to be old enough to take an interest in books, I found the same happy delusion still maintained. I put out my hand, as I suppose boys do in other countries, to seize upon some ballad, history, or legend connected with the fortunes of my own people; and I found twenty busy gentlemen zealously filling it with English publications. Whatever my humor might be, to laugh or weep, for a glimpse of high life or low, for verse or prose, there was always one of these industrious gentlemen at my side, urging on my attention a book by some writer a great way off, which had no more to do with my own proper feelings or the sentiments of my country than if they had been Persian or Patagonian—only they were in the English language, always English. I said to myself, as I began to consider these matters, I'll take to the newspapers; surely these, as belonging to the country, published in the country, and by men like myself, must make me ample amends for being practised upon in the bound books: I will read the newspapers. Never was boy, thirsting after patriotic reading, more

completely duped. One after the other, here were police reports, with slang phrases that certainly never originated in any of the courts or prisons of the New World; elaborate accounts of prize fights and cricket matches, and what not of that sort; and withal such an outpouring of small-beer scandal and little nasty vituperation of my decent fellow-citizens, that the shadow fell upon my spirit again, and I was more than ever clear upon the point, that whoever had the naming of this quarter of the globe in the maps and gazetteers, had clearly committed an egregious mistake in calling it America: he should have named it Little Britain.

In spite of these discouraging convictions, I saw that the people about me were given to laughter, and, in a way of their own, had something of a relish for merriment. I have it at last, I said to myself: they let these heavy dogs of Englishmen name their streets and edit their newspapers; but when they come to anything elegant, sportive, and cheerful, they take the matter into their own hands. I'll go to the Museum and see what the Americans, my fellow-countrymen, are about there. Will you believe it?—as I live, the first object I encountered in the hall was the cast-off state-coach of her Majesty Queen Adelaide, so blocking up the way that I made no attempt to advance further; but, turning on my heel, I determined to indemnify myself at one of the theatres. I struck for the nearest, and, as if in conspiracy with the state-coach, the first notes I caught from the orchestra were "God save the Queen," played with great energy by the musicians, and vigorously applauded by a portion of the audience. I tried another house immediately, where I was entertained during my short stay by an old gentleman in a wig (unlike any other old gentleman I had ever seen in my life), who was denouncing somebody or other, not then visible, as having conducted himself in a manner altogether unworthy an "honest son of Britain!" There was still another left to me—a popular resort—where flaming bills, staring me in the face every time I passed, had promised abundant "novelties suited to the times." I have you at last, methought; you cannot escape me now; this is the theatre for my money. What was my astonishment, on entering and possessing myself of one of the small bills of the evening, to discover that they had taken one of those new books I had come away from home to avoid, and made a play of it: it was really too much partridge by a long shot. There was not a mouthful of fresh air, it would seem, to be had for love or money: the moment I opened my mouth, wherever it might be, at home or abroad, for health or pleasure, these busy dietarians were ready with their everlasting partridge, to gorge me to the throat.

Where was the use of repining? Time heals all wounds of the youthful spirit. I grew to man's estate. Now (said I, chuckling to myself at the thought) I will set this matter right. These men mean well; they would give just what you desire, but, poor fellows, they haven't it to give. That (I continued to myself) is easily settled: I'll write a play and present it to them: I will take an American subject (allowing, for the nonce, that there is such a place as America): I will represent a man of character, a hero, a patriot. I will place him in circumstances deeply interesting to the country, and to which the republican feeling of the country shall respond with a cheer. No sooner thought than done. The play was written: an American historical play. With some little art a hearing was procured from

one of these gentlemen—a stage manager, as they call him. I stuffed him, that all the pipes and organs of his system might be in tune, with a good dinner; which he did not disdain, although I may mention that the greens were raised in Westchester, and the ducks shot on the Sound. I announced the title and subject, and proceeded to read: during this business he seemed to be greatly moved. At the conclusion of the MS. I found my manager in a much less comfortable humor than at the table. In a word, with ill-concealed disdain, he pronounced the play a failure, and wondered that anybody would spend his time on subjects so unworthy the English Drama, as little provincial squabbles like those of American History. He was right: American History is not a suitable subject for the English Drama. With doubts still thickening in my mind whether this was America, I paid the reckoning, thrust my play in my pocket, and hurried home, anxious to consult some authentic chronicle to make sure whether there had been such an event as the Revolutionary War. Such an event was certainly there set down, at considerable length, and one George Washington was mentioned as having taken part in it. The printed book I read from was called the History of the United States; but from all I could see, hear, and learn, daily, about me, the United States so referred to was decidedly nonexistent, at least so far as I had yet pushed my researches.

But I did not, even now, altogether despair. I said again, Perhaps I am limiting myself to too humble a range of observation; why should I confine myself to the city of New York, Empire City though it be, and capital of this great Western Continent? I will change the scene; I will go a journey; I will strike for Bunker Hill: if I find that, all is safe. Boston is not at the end of the earth, nor is one a lifetime in getting there. I found Bunker Hill: I could not easily miss it, for there was a great pile of stones, a couple of hundred feet high, which a blind man could not have missed if he had been travelling that way. You are mistaken, young man (I again addressed myself, as I contemplated the granite pyramid): there has been a Revolutionary War: the American colonies fought it, and after a severe struggle, great waste of blood, treasure, and counsel of wise men, they severed themselves from the Mother Country, and they were free! The little grievances which have irked you, such as names of streets, play-houses, and such trifles, are scarcely worthy of consideration: politically you are free. You have your own political institutions, with which no stranger can intermeddle: what more could you ask?

I was hugging myself in this comfortable conviction, pacing proudly in the shadow of Faneuil Hall, that venerable cradle of our boasted Independence, when a boy placed in my hand an "extra" sheet, from which I learned that a steamer had just arrived from England, and had that moment landed on the very wharf of Boston where the tea was dumped, an emissary, apparently authorized by the Mother Country, for he was a member of the British Parliament, who had come to resume in due form the old political authority of the Mother Country, and to direct us *ex cathedra* in the regulation of those very political concerns of which we fancied we had acquired the exclusive control by fighting through that old Revolutionary War. You see, my dear Mr. Editor, it was all a mistake: the whole thing is a cunningly devised fable; there was no such contest as the Revolutionary War; there was no such man as George Washington (face-

iously represented as the father of his country); and there is no such country as America. The sooner we reconcile ourselves to the facts the more comfortable we shall all be. Christopher Columbus, in the order of Providence, was a grand mistake; at least, such is the settled and unshakable opinion of your obedient servant,

BELLEROPHON BROWN.

LITERATURE.

INDIAN CHARACTER AND ANTIQUITIES.*

In our first acquaintance with the Indian, in the Reports of the Early Voyagers to America, he is presented a mere outline in red chalk, rude and scratchy; and with so few of the attributes and lineaments of humanity, that those original painters (old masters of the Indian school) did not even venture to write under the picture, This is a Man. If they had, they would not have been believed; but would have been regarded as inventors and fabulists. They secured the popular credence only by being inventors and fabulists; and in this character they succeeded in contriving a cunning piece of mechanism—a humanitarian machine: whose unfailing properties were a bare leg, a scalp at the girdle, and a tomahawk rampant in the right arm: always on the watch to strike. By degrees this rude boulder found scattered about the continent, has under the hand of patient and friendly culture, developed some further traits demonstrating that the Indian is not merely a bugbear with a tawny skin; but that he has also some inner qualities. The red freestone has taken shape, and is at last found to be veined and articulated like its marble brother from the other side of the water. Of the men who have most diligently labored in a kindly spirit of sympathy and justice to assert to the world in behalf of the Red man, the possession of a soul which recognises something more in the wide and various universe about him than game-birds and beasts of prey, and the bow and arrow properties of the hickory tree, Mr. Schoolcraft may, we think, fairly claim a foremost place. He has not encountered the Indian with one idea; he has not, like most of his predecessors and contemporaries, carried about with him in the forest and wilderness, a single key of moderate size (but of fearfully talismanic power) with which to unlock every mystery of the wigwam and the war-path. His foremost excellence is that he recognises the microcosm of belief, passion, hope, and the whole scheme of manhood in the aboriginal occupant of our continent. In this present imposing publication he employs an early opportunity to renew an acknowledgment often before made by him in his many valuable tracts and discourses on the subject, to declare the multiformity of the Indian character.

* A continent has been appropriated, in the occupancy of which this race preceded us. For their actual character in peace and war, and capacities for the duties of life; for their history and idiosyncrasies; for their arts and habits; their modes of subsistence, and inter-tribal intercourse; for their languages and mental traits and peculiarities, as developed by curious oral recitals and mythologic dogmas and opinions, which carry the mind back to early oriental epochs; for their system of mnemonic symbols: and, in fine, for the general facts that go to establish their nationality

* Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States. Collected and Prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act of March 3, 1847. By Henry S. Schoolcraft, LL.D. Illustrated by S. Eastman, Capt. U.S.A. Pub. by Authority of Congress. Part First. One volume 4to.

and character, posterity will look to the present age for its records, whatever may betide the history of the tribes, or the efforts of humanity on their behalf."

With Mr. Schoolcraft, again, the Indian is not solely the vulgar plodder—the mechanic laborer—on the dull round of earth to which his senses are consigned; he has also a gift beyond the visible present, which carries him away from the gross materiality of external objects; lifts him up to a contemplation of something beyond the eye; and affirms that thus rising into the region of the spiritual and unseen—he has within him some elements parallel to white civilization and Christian belief.

"As a race, there never was one more impracticable; more bent on a nameless principle of tribalism; more averse to combinations for their general good; more deaf to the voice of instruction; more determined to pursue all the elements of their own destruction. They are still, as a body, nomadic in their manners and customs. They appear, on this continent, to have trampled on monumental ruins, some of which had their origin before their arrival, or without their participation as builders, though these are apparently ruins of the same generic race of men, but of a prior era. They have, in the north, no temples for worship, and live in the wild belief of the ancient theory of a diurgus, or Soul of the Universe, which inhabits and animates everything. They recognise their Great Spirit in rocks, trees, cataracts, and clouds; in thunder and lightning; in the strongest tempests and the softest zephyr; and this subtle and transcendental spirit is believed to conceal himself in titular deities from human gaze, as birds and quadrupeds; and, in short, he is supposed to exist under every possible form in the world, animate and inanimate."

To rescue them still further from the abject condition in which they have been often fettered, he records a condition of their history which gives a singular unity to the various settlers of the entire continent.

"The influence of the civilizations of the Zea Maize on the semi-civilization and history of the Indian race of this continent, has been very striking. It is impossible to resist this conclusion in searching into the causes of their dispersion over the continent. We are everywhere met with the fact that those tribes who cultivated corn, and lived in mild and temperate latitudes, reached a state of society which was denied to the mere hunters. The Indian race who named the Mississippi Valley at the era of the first planting of the American colonies, were but corn growers to a limited extent. It was only the labor of females; while the men were completely hunters and periodical nomades. They spent their summers at their corn fields, and their winters in the wild forests, doing just what their forefathers had done; and the thought of their ancestors having had the skill or industry to raise mounds, or throw up defences on the apex of hills or at sharp defiles, never occurred to them till questioned on the subject by the whites."

Advancing a step further, Mr. Schoolcraft employs a considerable space in the volume in the development of the history and interpretation of the rock-writings of the Indians; and chiefly, among these, of the celebrated "Dighton" inscriptions, of which, preparatory to his own inferences and speculations, he furnishes a graphic introductory account:—

"I crossed the river to the rock in a skiff, rowed by an interesting lad called Whitmarsh, who was not the less so for a limp. He had been across the river to the rock at an earlier hour the same morning, and had pleased his fancy by drawing chalk lines on some of the principal figures, which made them very conspicuous as we approached the rock, particularly the quadruped at the lower part of the inscription, which he had represented as a deer.

The morning tide, which was coming in, had reached the feet of the figures, but had not yet covered them, when I landed on the rock. The two human figures without arms, at the right of the inscription (as the observer faces it), the large figure having the usual hour-glass shaped body, and on the left of the published interpretation hereafter mentioned, and the chief class lines and curves in the main devices, between these figures, in which the several copies of 1790 and 1830 coincide, were plainly traceable. The lines drawn in Mr. Goodwin's plate, on the extreme left of the frontlet-crowned figure, No. I., I could not, with any incidence of the light I could command, make out or identify, which was probably owing to the tidal deposits. The first impression was one of disappointment. As an archaeological monument, it appeared to have been overrated. A discrepancy was observed, in several minor characters, between the copies of Baylies and Goodwin of 1790, and that of the Rhode Island Historical Society of 1830; but few devices were wanting in its essential outlines. The most important, in the part which is not pictographic, consists in the lower portion of the central inscription, which has been generally supposed, and with much reason, to have an alphabetical value. The letters which appear in the Rhode Island Historical Society's copy, as published at Copenhagen, are either imprecise, or wholly wanting; but there is something in the inscriptive figures upon which to found the interpretations, which will be mentioned in the sequel. It was a clear, bright day, and I varied my position, by movements of the skiff, in front of the rock, to get the best incidences of the light. It was evident, under all the difficulties of tidal deposits and obscure figures, that there were two diverse and wholly distinct characters employed; namely, an Algonquin and an Icelandic inscription.

In pursuing this matter, Mr. S. has recourse to an intelligent native Indian:—

"I laid before him the volume, opening at Plate 12. 'You will recollect,' I said, 'that many years ago you gave me instructions in the Ha-keé-win of your nation, as applied to the Medawin and Wabeno societies. I know you to be well versed in this art, and have therefore sent for you to explain this ancient inscription, which has puzzled men of learning. You have since this time, I know, united yourself to a Christian church, and may think such knowledge no longer worthy of attention; but it is, nevertheless, a rational curiosity. The figures and devices here shown have been copied from the face of a rock lying on the seacoast of New England. They were noticed at the time that the English first landed and settled there (1620). They are believed to be very old. Both the inscriptions on this plate (No. 12) are copies of the same thing, only one of them was taken forty years before the other. The last was taken nine years ago. It is supposed, as the sea rises on the rock twice a day, that the minor figures may have been obliterated. You will perceive, by studying them, in what particulars the two copies differ. Was the inscription made by Indians, or by others? What is your opinion?'

"This was the substance of my remarks. No other facts or opinions were revealed. After scrutinizing the two engravings for some time, with his friends, he replied: 'It is Indian; it appears to me and my friend, to be a Mug-zin-nabik (i. e. rock writing). It relates to two nations. It resembles the Ke-ke-no-win-un, or prophetic devices of an ancient class of seers, who worshipped the snake and panther, and affected to live underground. But it is not exactly the same. I will study it.' He then requested permission to take the volume to his lodge, and asked for a candle, that he and his companions might study it during the evening.

"The next day he came at the appointed time, with two of his companions, bringing the book. His principal aid in this investigation was a hunter called by the name of Zha-ba-ties. I had pre-

pared for this interview, by having present the late Henry Conner, Esq., the most approved interpreter of the department, in addition to two members of my family, all well versed in the Chippewa and English languages. I had numbered each figure of the inscription, in order to give precision to the chief's interpretation."

So far with Mr. Schoolcraft for the present. Returning to this most interesting and valuable publication, we shall, in another article, present to our readers an account of its remaining materials and illustrations, the auspices under which it appears before the public, and of the peculiar advantage which may, we think, be derived to the country from the scope, spirit, and method in which it is presented.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

THE conclusion of Southey's biography, in the last volume of the correspondence published by his son, has not been hailed with the unanimity of feeling and sympathy which should have been accorded to one of the most faithful and complete lives there detailed, to be found recorded in the annals of literary history. As if wearied of the work, critics seem disposed to be careless, petulant, and captious. This spirit has been represented in a quarter where, of all others, we least expected to find it—in the *Quarterly Review*, which is identified with the reputation of Southey, and where some of the freshest and fairest products of his mind are to be found. We looked in that journal for an article which should reflect the full and fair development of the self-sacrificing, conscientious literary career; a career pursued with constant introspection, a careful weighing of means and powers which refused the proffered offer of a seat in parliament; the best years of a life devoted to the most industrious exposition, in the fairest language, of the best records of what is most worthy of our love in ecclesiastical and civil history, in the story of Christian missions and of heroic adventurous travel, the narratives of men of genius, the patriotic annals of his country's greatness in the field, the illustration of manners and customs, of lively interest on his pages,—to say nothing of a series of poems, which, however they may fall short of the *vivida vis* of the highest poetical faculty, are ingenious and fanciful in construction, pure in morality, and picturesque in incident and style. From the exhibition of these results in a career sacredly set apart to the pursuit of letters, the *Quarterly* turns aside to represent a paramount vanity and egotism in a man whose life at least bore the best fruits of modesty and retirement. The private letters of Southey are the proof of this charge, where a few expressions are to be found in the old talk of poets, from Horace and Ovid downwards, claiming the immortality of verse and the laurels due to their honored brows. It is but fair that such passages, allowing them to have any prejudicial meaning, should be set off by others where diffidence is expressed of powers for other duties more honored by the world in the present. But we are far from disposed to allow them this weight—for we think that scholars may be permitted a certain glorification of their calling while the public has made up its mind, as Goldsmith said, to put every obstacle in their way. There is no danger of the higher pursuits of intellect becoming objects of excessive cultivation, while there are so many pressing material interests of pleasure and necessity to draw men off from the pursuit of the Muses. A scholar, like Southey, may indulge in his dreams of

* The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Part VI. Harpers.

completely duped. One after the other, here were police reports, with slang phrases that certainly never originated in any of the courts or prisons of the New World; elaborate accounts of prize fights and cricket matches, and what not of that sort; and withal, such an outpouring of small-beer scandal and little nasty vituperation of my decent fellow-citizens, that the shadow fell upon my spirit again, and I was more than ever clear upon the point, that whoever had the naming of this quarter of the globe in the maps and gazetteers, had clearly committed an egregious mistake in calling it America: he should have named it Little Britain.

In spite of these discouraging convictions, I saw that the people about me were given to laughter, and, in a way of their own, had something of a relish for merriment. I have it at last, I said to myself: they let these heavy dogs of Englishmen name their streets and edit their newspapers; but when they come to anything elegant, sportive, and cheerful, they take the matter into their own hands. I'll go to the Museum and see what the Americans, my fellow-countrymen, are about there. Will you believe it?—as I live, the first object I encountered in the hall was the cast-off state-coach of her Majesty Queen Adelaide, so blocking up the way that I made no attempt to advance further; but, turning on my heel, I determined to indemnify myself at one of the theatres. I struck for the nearest, and, as if in conspiracy with the state-coach, the first notes I caught from the orchestra were "God save the Queen," played with great energy by the musicians, and vigorously applauded by a portion of the audience. I tried another house immediately, where I was entertained during my short stay by an old gentleman in a wig (unlike any other old gentleman I had ever seen in my life), who was denouncing somebody or other, not then visible, as having conducted himself in a manner altogether unworthy an "honest son of Britain!" There was still another left to me—a popular resort—where flaming bills, staring me in the face every time I passed, had promised abundant "novelty suited to the times." I have you at last, methought; you cannot escape me now; this is the theatre for my money. What was my astonishment, on entering and possessing myself of one of the small bills of the evening, to discover that they had taken one of those new books I had come away from home to avoid, and made a play of it: it was really too much partridge by a long shot. There was not a mouthful of fresh air, it would seem, to be had for love or money: the moment I opened my mouth, wherever it might be, at home or abroad, for health or pleasure, these busy dietarians were ready with their everlasting partridge, to gorge me to the throat.

Where was the use of repining? Time heals all wounds of the youthful spirit. I grew to man's estate. Now (said I, chuckling to myself at the thought) I will set this matter right. These men mean well; they would give just what you desire, but, poor fellows, they haven't it to give. That (I continued to myself) is easily settled: I'll write a play and present it to them: I will take an American subject (allowing, for the nonce, that there is such a place as America): I will represent a man of character, a hero, a patriot. I will place him in circumstances deeply interesting to the country, and to which the republican feeling of the country shall respond with a cheer. No sooner thought than done. The play was written: an American historical play. With some little art a hearing was procured from

one of these gentlemen—a stage manager, as they call him. I stuffed him, that all the pipes and organs of his system might be in tune, with a good dinner; which he did not disdain, although I may mention that the greens were raised in Westchester, and the ducks shot on the Sound. I announced the title and subject, and proceeded to read: during this business he seemed to be greatly moved. At the conclusion of the MS. I found my manager in a much less comfortable humor than at the table. In a word, with ill-concealed disdain, he pronounced the play a failure, and wondered that anybody would spend his time on subjects so unworthy the English Drama, as little provincial squabbles like those of American History. He was right: American History is not a suitable subject for the English Drama. With doubts still thickening in my mind whether this was America, I paid the reckoning, thrust my play in my pocket, and hurried home, anxious to consult some authentic chronicle to make sure whether there had been such an event as the Revolutionary War. Such an event was certainly there set down, at considerable length, and one George Washington was mentioned as having taken part in it. The printed book I read from was called the History of the United States; but from all I could see, hear, and learn, daily, about me, the United States so referred to was decidedly nonexistent, at least so far as I had yet pushed my researches.

But I did not, even now, altogether despair. I said again, Perhaps I am limiting myself to too humble a range of observation; why should I confine myself to the city of New York, Empire City though it be, and capital of this great Western Continent? I will change the scene; I will go a journey; I will strike for Bunker Hill: if I find that, all is safe. Boston is not at the end of the earth, nor is one a lifetime in getting there. I found Bunker Hill: I could not easily miss it, for there was a great pile of stones, a couple of hundred feet high, which a blind man could not have missed if he had been travelling that way. You are mistaken, young man (I again addressed myself, as I contemplated the granite pyramid): there has been a Revolutionary War: the American colonies fought it, and after a severe struggle, great waste of blood, treasure, and counsel of wise men, they severed themselves from the Mother Country, and they were free! The little grievances which have irked you, such as names of streets, play-houses, and such trifles, are scarcely worthy of consideration: politically you are free. You have your own political institutions, with which no stranger can intermeddle: what more could you ask?

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LITERATURE.

INDIAN CHARACTER AND ANTIQUITIES.*

In our first acquaintance with the Indian, in the Reports of the Early Voyagers to America, he is presented a mere outline in red chalk, rude and scratchy; and with so few of the attributes and lineaments of humanity, that those original painters (old masters of the Indian school) did not even venture to write under the picture, *This is a Man*. If they had, they would not have been believed; but would have been regarded as inventors and fabulists. They secured the popular credence only by being inventors and fabulists; and in this character they succeeded in contriving a cunning piece of mechanism—a humanitarian machine: whose unfailing properties were a bare leg, a scalp at the girdle, and a tomahawk rampant in the right arm: always on the watch to strike. By degrees this rude boulder found scattered about the continent, has under the hand of patient and friendly culture, developed some further traits demonstrating that the Indian is not merely a bugbear with a tawny skin; but that he has also some inner qualities. The red freestone has taken shape, and is at last found to be veined and articulated like its marble brother from the other side of the water. Of the men who have most diligently labored in a kindly spirit of sympathy and justice to assert to the world in behalf of the Red man, the possession of a soul which recognises something more in the wide and various universe about him than game-birds and beasts of prey, and the bow and arrow properties of the hickory tree, Mr. Schoolcraft may, we think, fairly claim a foremost place. He has not encountered the Indian with one idea; he has not, like most of his predecessors and contemporaries, carried about with him in the forest and wilderness, a single key of moderate size (but of fearfully talismanic power) with which to unlock every mystery of the wigwam and the war-path. His foremost excellence is that he recognises the microcosm of belief, passion, hope, and the whole scheme of manhood in the aboriginal occupant of our continent. In this present imposing publication he employs an early opportunity to renew an acknowledgment often before made by him in his many valuable tracts and discourses on the subject, to declare the multiformity of the Indian character.

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Advancing a step further, Mr. Schoolcraft employs a considerable space in the volume in the development of the history and interpretation of the rock-writings of the Indians; and chiefly, among these, of the celebrated "Dighton" inscriptions, of which, preparatory to his own inferences and speculations, he furnishes a graphic introductory account:—

"I crossed the river to the rock in a skiff, rowed by an interesting lad called Whitmarsh, who was not the less so for a limp. He had been across the river to the rock at an earlier hour the same morning, and had pleased his fancy by drawing chalk lines on some of the principal figures, which made them very conspicuous as we approached the rock, particularly the quadruped at the lower part of the inscription, which he had represented as a deer.

The morning tide, which was coming in, had reached the feet of the figures, but had not yet covered them, when I landed on the rock. The two human figures without arms, at the right of the inscription (as the observer faces it), the large figure having the usual hour-glass shaped body, and on the left of the published interpretation hereafter mentioned, and the chief class lines and curves in the main devices, between these figures, in which the several copies of 1790 and 1830 coincide, were plainly traceable. The lines drawn in Mr. Goodwin's plate, on the extreme left of the frontlet-crowned figure, No. I., I could not, with any incidence of the light I could command, make out or identify, which was probably owing to the tidal deposits. The first impression was one of disappointment. As an archaeological monument, it appeared to have been overrated. A discrepancy was observed, in several minor characters, between the copies of Baylies and Goodwin of 1790, and that of the Rhode Island Historical Society of 1830; but few devices were wanting in its essential outlines. The most important, in the part which is not pictographic, consists in the lower portion of the central inscription, which has been generally supposed, and with much reason, to have an alphabetical value. The letters which appear in the Rhode Island Historical Society's copy, as published at Copenhagen, are either imprecise, or wholly wanting; but there is something in the inscriptive figures upon which to found the interpretations, which will be mentioned in the sequel. It was a clear, bright day, and I varied my position, by movements of the skiff, in front of the rock, to get the best incidences of the light. It was evident, under all the difficulties of tidal deposits and obscure figures, that there were two diverse and wholly distinct characters employed; namely, an Algonquin and an Icelandic inscription.

In pursuing this matter, Mr. S. has recourse to an intelligent native Indian:—

"I laid before him the volume, opening at Plate 12. 'You will recollect,' I said, 'that many years ago you gave me instructions in the Ha-keé-win of your nation, as applied to the Medawin and Wabeno societies. I know you to be well versed in this art, and have therefore sent for you to explain this ancient inscription, which has puzzled men of learning. You have since this time, I know, united yourself to a Christian church, and may think such knowledge no longer worthy of attention; but it is, nevertheless, a rational curiosities. The figures and devices here shown have been copied from the face of a rock lying on the seacoast of New England. They were noticed at the time that the English first landed and settled there (1620). They are believed to be very old. Both the inscriptions on this plate (No. 12) are copies of the same thing, only one of them was taken forty years before the other. The last was taken nine years ago. It is supposed, as the sea rises on the rock twice a day, that the minor figures may have been obliterated. You will perceive, by studying them, in what particulars the two copies differ. Was the inscription made by Indians, or by others? What is your opinion?'

"This was the substance of my remarks. No other facts or opinions were revealed. After scrutinizing the two engravings for some time, with his friends, he replied: 'It is Indian; it appears to me and my friend, to be a Mug-zin-nabik (i. e. rock writing). It relates to two nations. It resembles the Ke-ke-no-win-un, or prophetic devices of an ancient class of seers, who worshipped the snake and panther, and affected to live underground. But it is not exactly the same. I will study it.' He then requested permission to take the volume to his lodge, and asked for a candle, that he and his companions might study it during the evening.

"The next day he came at the appointed time, with two of his companions, bringing the book. His principal aid in this investigation was a hunter called by the name of Zha-ba-ties. I had pre-

pared for this interview, by having present the late Henry Conner, Esq., the most approved interpreter of the department, in addition to two members of my family, all well versed in the Chippewa and English languages. I had numbered each figure of the inscription, in order to give precision to the chief's interpretation."

So far with Mr. Schoolcraft for the present. Returning to this most interesting and valuable publication, we shall, in another article, present to our readers an account of its remaining materials and illustrations, the auspices under which it appears before the public, and of the peculiar advantage which may, we think, be derived to the country from the scope, spirit, and method in which it is presented.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

The conclusion of Southey's biography, in the last volume of the correspondence published by his son, has not been hailed with the unanimity of feeling and sympathy which should have been accorded to one of the most faithful and complete lives there detailed, to be found recorded in the annals of literary history. As if wearied of the work, critics seem disposed to be careless, petulant, and captious. This spirit has been represented in a quarter where, of all others, we least expected to find it—in the *Quarterly Review*, which is identified with the reputation of Southey, and where some of the freshest and fairest products of his mind are to be found. We looked in that journal for an article which should reflect the full and fair development of the self-sacrificing, conscientious literary career; a career pursued with constant introspection, a careful weighing of means and powers which refused the proffered offer of a seat in parliament; the best years of a life devoted to the most industrious exposition, in the fairest language, of the best records of what is most worthy of our love in ecclesiastical and civil history, in the story of Christian missions and of heroic adventurous travel, the narratives of men of genius, the patriotic annals of his country's greatness in the field, the illustration of manners and customs, of lively interest on his pages,—to say nothing of a series of poems, which, however they may fall short of the *virida vis* of the highest poetical faculty, are ingenious and fanciful in construction, pure in morality, and picturesque in incident and style. From the exhibition of these results in a career sacredly set apart to the pursuit of letters, the *Quarterly* turns aside to represent a paramount vanity and egotism in a man whose life at least bore the best fruits of modesty and retirement. The private letters of Southey are the proof of this charge, where a few expressions are to be found in the old talk of poets, from Horace and Ovid downwards, claiming the immortality of verse and the laurels due to their honored brows. It is but fair that such passages, allowing them to have any prejudicial meaning, should be set off by others where diffidence is expressed of powers for other duties more honored by the world in the present. But we are far from disposed to allow them this weight—for we think that scholars may be permitted a certain glorification of their calling while the public has made up its mind, as Goldsmith said, to put every obstacle in their way. There is no danger of the higher pursuits of intellect becoming objects of excessive cultivation, while there are so many pressing material interests of pleasure and necessity to draw men off from the pursuit of the Muses. A scholar, like Southey, may indulge in his dreams of

* The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Part VI. Harper.

literary perpetuity, and nourish a vanity which brings forth fruit for the good of the race, and is, perhaps, indispensable to encourage the individual literary laborer in his special work. There is a common fallacy on this subject, which seems to go upon the conclusion that the author's work is a matter of experiment, the value of which is to be immediately tested by its reception by the public, as if any one among the public knew so much about it or cared so much as the author himself, who, supposing him to be one qualified by nature or art, genius or education, to write at all worthily, must be the best judge of his own work. He may fail in certain artificial standards or comparative judgments with other authors whom he may not fully understand, but he can generally tell you, better than any other man, the secret and force of his own writings. Because fools and pretenders in noisy puffery of themselves vex the ear of the public, are good and true men to be silent? But, notwithstanding the reviewer, Southey was not guilty in this way. The list of his productions shows the impersonality of his writings, how little they depended upon the fashion of the moment or were adapted immediately to aggrandize Robert Southey. There was no clique represented in his selection of review topics; he made no friends to his own poems by publishing eulogiums upon those of others; but he noticed unknown or neglected authors; he delighted in rescuing genius from obscurity; he explored the little cultivated and out of the way regions of history, as in his sacrifice of time and labor to the History of Brazil, which the *Quarterly* sees fit to speak so lightly of; he was never more delighted than in discovering unappreciated beauties, than in recording uncelebrated acts of virtue. With his unprecedented industry he was not a rich man; the cares of family maintenance bore steadily upon him: he allowed himself no indulgences except those of his books, which were at once his pleasures and labors, and he so worked and wrote as at once to be a conservative and reformer, to meditate not mere literary luxuries, but the practical good of his species—till nature was prematurely worn out in the effort, and the warrior of a hundred fights fell in harness.

In closing our mention of this the most important contribution to literary biography since the publication of Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, we would bear witness to its vast stores of bookish illustration, the useful industry, the quaint learning, the true love of letters—to cheer the future student, the genial home life, full of love and kindness, the humor of character, the practical observation of everyday scenes at home or abroad, in the past or present, the national prejudices which have a close alliance with honesty, virtue, independence. These are traits which we read everywhere in this Life and Correspondence. They are the merits of a book which every just minded man is bound to see and appreciate before he censures, and then, as he reviews this protracted effort for the humanities pursued with life-long love and diligence, he will have but little inclination to cavil.

To few men is such a eulogy truthfully accorded, of virtue in private and public life, of services to literature so eminent and varied, as in these lines written by Wordsworth and inscribed upon the base of Southey's monument:—

" Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here; on you
His eyes have closed; and ye loved books, no
more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,

To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labors of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance or the Church's weal,
Or fancy disciplined by curious art
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet in holier rest.
His joys—his griefs—have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was
vowed
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast
faith
Calm'd in his soul the fear of change and death."

With a few more passages we part with the wit and wisdom, the humor and character, the gossip and anecdote, which have borne us company in our continuous notices of these volumes:—

AN OLD ENGLISH HOUSE.

" This was a ten days' absence. I have since made a three days' visit to Colonel Howard at Levens, between Kendal and Milnthorpe, whom I knew by the name of Greville Upton when he was in college at Westminster, and had not seen since. He married an heiress, and took her name, taking with it four large estates, with a mansion upon each, in Westmoreland, Staffordshire, Surrey, and Norfolk. Such fortune has not often been so bestowed upon one who has made so good use of it. Levens is an old house of Elizabeth's age, and fitted up as in that age, with carved chimney-pieces, oak wainscots, and one room is hung with gilt leather. The gardens are in the old fashion, and, perhaps, the best specimen now remaining of their kind. They are full of yew trees cut into all imaginable and unimaginable shapes. One of them is called Dr. Parr, from its likeness to his wig. A guest who dines there for the first time is initiated by a potent glass (called the Levens' constable) of a liquor named Morocco, the composition of which is a family secret. It is like good strong beer, with a mixture of currant wine."

BISHOP HACKET.

" Bishop Hacket and I go on well after supper. His are comical sermons: half Roman Catholic in their conceits, full of learning which would be utterly unprofitable if it did not sometimes call forth a shrewd remark, seasoned with piety, and having good strong sense mixed up with other ingredients, like plums in a pudding which has not too many of them."

CARLYLE IN 1829.

" I am writing a life of Ignatius Loyola for the Christmas number of the Foreign Review. The last number has not reached me, and of its contributors I only know that an Edinburgh person, by name Carlyle, has written the most striking ones upon German literature, and that the paper upon Klopstock is by a young man whom I introduced to it, whose name is Heraud—a man of extraordinary powers, and not less extraordinary industry and ardor; he seems capable of learning anything, except how to check his own exuberance in verse."

THE PAINTER BARRY.

" I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, his maddest) days, when he was employed upon his *Pandora*. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that encrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone, in a home which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him to visit me. ' No,' he said, ' he would not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening, the

Academics would waylay him and murder him.' In this solitary, sullen life, he continued till he fell ill, very probably for want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlisle (Sir Anthony) in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently dressed and in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked.

" I should have told you that, a little before his illness, he had with much persuasion been induced to pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and was asked how he had rested, he said remarkably well; he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing.

" He interlarded his conversation with oaths as expletives, but it was pleasant to converse with him; there was a frankness and animation about him which won good will as much as his vigorous intellect commanded respect.

" There is a story of his having refused to paint portraits, and saying, in answer to applications, that there was a man in Leicester Square who did. But this he said was false, for that he would at any time have painted portraits, and have been glad to paint them."

SECRETS IN STYLE.

" There may be secrets in painting, but there are none in style. When I have been asked the foolish question what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style, my answer has been that he should never think about it, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can, and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself.

* * * * *

" As for composition, it has no difficulties for one who will 'read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest' the materials upon which he is to work. I do not mean to say that it is easy to write well; but of this I am sure, that most men would write much better if they did not take half the pains they do. For myself, I consider it no compliment when any one praises the simplicity of my prose writings; they are written, indeed, without any other immediate object than that of expressing what is to be said in the readiest and most perspicuous manner. But in the transcript (if I make one), and always in the proof-sheet, every sentence is then weighed upon the ear, euphony becomes a second object, and ambiguities are removed. But of what is called *style*, not a thought enters my head at any time. Look to the matter, and the manner takes care of itself."

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

" Have you seen the strange book which Anastasius Hope left for publication, and which his representatives, in spite of all dissension, have published? His notion of immortality and heaven is, that at the consummation of all things, he, and you, and I, and John Murray, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Lambert the fat man, and the living skeleton, and Queen Elizabeth, and the Hottentot Venus, and Thurtell, and Probert, and the twelve apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and Genghis Khan and all his armies, and Noah with all his ancestors and all his posterity—yea, all men and all women, and all children that have ever been or ever shall be, saints and sinners alike, are all to be put together, and made into one great celestial eternal human being. He does not seem to have known how nearly this approaches to Swedenborg's fancy. I do not like the scheme. I don't like the notion of being mixed up with Hume, and Hunt, and Whittle Harvey, and Phillips, and Lord Althorpe, and the Huns, and the Hottentots, and the Jews, and the Philistines, and the Scotch, and the Irish. God forbid! I hope to be I myself: I, in an English heaven, with your

self—you, and some others, without whom heaven would be no heaven to me."

OPINIONS.

"Opinions must always be inherited, and happy are we who can refer to the title-deeds upon which ours are founded. As you read more and observe more, what are now prejudices will become principles, and strike root as such, and as such bring forth fruit in due season. *Nullius ad dictus*, &c., is the boast of vanity and sciolism. There are very few who do not put faith in their apothecary and their lawyer, and we are less likely to be deceived when we confide in the opinions which have been held by men of whose learning, and ability, and integrity no doubt can be entertained. If the writers from whom I now derive most pleasure and most profit had been put into my hands when I was at your age, I should have found little in them that was attractive. Our higher intellectual faculties (perhaps it were better to say our spiritual ones) ripen slowly, but then they continue to improve till the bodily organ fails. Take this maxim with you, that in divinity, in ethics, and in politics there can be no new truths. Even the latter is no longer an experimental science, and woe be to those who treat it as such!"

KNOWING A MAN.

"One's character being *teres atque rotundus*, is not to be seen all at once. You must know a man *all round*—in all moods and all weathers—to know him well; but in the common intercourse of the world, men see each other in only one mood—see only their manners in society, and hear nothing that comes from any part lying deeper than the larynx. Many people think they are well acquainted with me who know little more of me than the cut of my jib and the sound of my voice."

READINGDOM.

"The commonwealth of Readingdom is divided into many independent circles. Novel and trash readers make by much the largest of the communities. I think the religious public rank next in numbers; then, perhaps, come those who affect poetry. History is read by those only who are desirous of information, and of these very few like to have it at length, or, indeed, can afford time for it. But in every generation there are some."

LANDOR ON THE POPEY QUESTION.*

This pamphlet—a bold assault upon prelacy—by Walter Savage Landor, is a significant sign of the times, developed by the question at issue just now between the Roman Pontiff and the Church of England. It calls for the storming of Lambeth, together with the Vatican, and points out the breach through which the Protestant spirit of England, when once aroused in its might, may possibly push its attack.

Landor is no theologian; he has no eye for the hair-breadth distinctions of doctrine, and the impalpable subtleties of religious belief; and we certainly would not look to him to clear up a religious doubt, or to judge a question of creed between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant. The British people, apart from all theological niceties, will be apt, with Landor, to take a broad, worldly view of the "popish question," and in looking for obvious practical good, to forget the traditional privilege, whether claimed by the Romish or Anglican hierarchy, and its supposed spiritualunction. The English prelate, peer of the realm, the lord of a palace, and the possessor of broad lands and princely revenues, appears to the unlearned layman as unlike a descendant of the Apostolic fisherman as the Pope of Rome himself. To a plain sense of right, the tenure of both to their earthly glories might

appear equally untenable. The spirit of Protestantism may be so stirred by this agitation in England, that it will not be laid until it has pulled down and torn away, with the destructive vigor of a Scotch covenanter or Puritan iconoclast. Government manifestoes against the red hats and empty titles of the Romish cardinals, will surely not content the protestant feeling in England; a thorough lustration of the English Church will be exacted, and doctrinal changes will not so much be insisted upon as great reforms in temporalities. The obvious evils of the Church of England are its political power, its patronage, and its enormous revenues; these strike the popular eye, while matters of doctrine are obscured to common vision, and require for their investigation the mole-eye of the theologian.

Puseyism, that has relighted the candles and decked the altars with the faded ornaments of popery, must bear its share in the responsibility of the popular confusion of the two hierarchies, the Anglican and Roman. The English people, in their protestant zeal, are not likely to make allowance for difference of intention, and will doubtless extinguish the wax lights of Rome and England together.

Landor goes into the battle of the churches with great spirit; and while he proves his fighting qualities by the weight of his blows, which he pays out in his usual spasmodic, forcible way, shows his impartiality by distributing them equally upon both the antagonists. He calls hard names, it must be acknowledged somewhat in the Billingsgate fashion, talks of the battle as a quarrel among thieves, and reads us a parable, of more force than delicacy, of the two dogs, after Swift:—

"A strong man was troubled with two fierce mastiffs quarrelling daily in his court-yard. His own being the stronger and quieter, he looked on with indifference at first, and indeed until the strange dog took to the kitchen and larder. His own only growled at this intrusion; but when the adversary leaped up against the stable door and seized a horse's hind-quarter, patience was exhausted, the combat was renewed, and more resolutely than ever before. The master had more confidence in his dog's fierceness than in his fidelity, and began to surmise that he fought only to fill his belly; so, when they were both exhausted, and their tongues were a span-length out of their mouths, he plucked up courage, took each together by the scuff of the neck, and threw them into the stone quarry from which the mansion was built. Incredibly how quiet was the house, how orderly the domestics, after these two quarrelsome beasts were gone. Until then, they could never say their prayers without the one barking, and the other howling; and the maids as they knelt fancied the strange dog perpetually at their heels."

The author raises a cognate cry to "cheap bread," in his cry of "cheap religion." He says the only bread that is not reasonably cheap at present, is the "bread of life." When property to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars is divided among the four sees of Canterbury, London, Winchester, and Durham, and the people are not even spared a crumb from these rich tables, it is natural that hunger should cry out for bread, and it will make itself heard. Landor says: "Nobody can suppose that the dignitaries of our religion will be permitted much longer to possess vast principalities."

There came in about the time of the Oxford tracts a sort of religious coxcombry, a *petit maître* kind of devotion, that dressed itself in long skirts and straight standing collars, that the clerical tailor could describe better than we can; that had a language, like the *precieuses ridicules*, peculiar to itself, called a

reading desk a lecturn, a morning prayer, a matin; that collected with the spirit of a virtuoso all that was old and fusty; took kindly to crosses, rosaries, ancient breviaries, and other articles of religious virtu. This was a fashion, and came in with the latest bonnet and last skirt. Our author describes a phase of it:—

"Our century seems to have been split asunder; one half rolling forward, the other half backward; inquiry closed by icebergs; credulity carried to the torrid zone. Oxen no longer speak in the cow-market; but wooden images roll their eyes in the shrine. Even we Englishmen are the fools of fashion. Inigo Jones and Wren and Vanbrugh had built houses fit for gentlemen to inhabit. We could look out of the windows and see the country; we could look at the walls and see the paintings hung against them. Suddenly the plumber and glazier divide the panes equally, and we must mount upon chairs if we would see the other side. Old benches, old tables, old wainscoting decorate the chambers; old missals and breviaries, opened for the miniatures, displace Voltaire and Montesquieu."

Landor brings to his rescue, in the struggle with prelacy, the authority of Milton, and in a glowing eulogium upon him, rises to the dignity of his subject:—

"Desirous that whatever I write should stand or fall by its own weight, I have seldom in any of my works quoted another man's authority. On the subject which now occupies me, so much eloquence, so much wisdom, so much virtue and religion, have been displayed by Milton, that it behoves me to close my slender book, and to treat my reader to take up his instead; by which his heart will be strengthened, his soul purified, to such a degree that, if duly reverential, he may stand unabashed in the presence of the most commanding genius that ever God appointed for the governance of the human intellect. Those, and those only, who are intimately conversant with the grand and perfect models of antiquity, can rightly estimate his qualities. They, on examination, will find in him a much greater variety, with more than an equal intensity, of power. No poetry, not even his own, is richer in thought, in imagery, or in harmony; yet to vulgar eyes the glories of his prose appear to have been absorbed in that vast central light. *Will it be credited that such merits should either have been unknown or suppressed by a writer who lays claim to eloquence, liberality, and learning?* Wherever there is a multitude, a noisy demagogue is seen running out of breath at their heels, and urging them on to turbulence and mischief. *Intruding on the court in the last reign, he forgot that William had left the mess-room and had entered the council-chamber. Whatever is uppermost he clings to, always tearing the coat-skirt that has helped him to clamber so high.*

"Not only men light and versatile have taken the scorner's chair to sit in judgment on our instructor and defender. A very large sect, perhaps the most numerous sect of all, and composed from almost every other, believes that religion is to be secured by malignity and falsehood. Johnson threw down among them his unwieldy distempered mind, and frowned like a drunken man against the serenity of Milton. He would have fared better with Johnson had he been a sycophant; better with the other had he been a demagogue. He indulges in no pranks and vagaries to captivate the vulgar mind; he leads by the light of his countenance, never stooping to grasp a coarse hand to obtain its suffrages. In his language he neither has nor ever can have an imitator. Such an attempt would display at once the boldest presumption and the weakest affection. His gravity is unsuitable to the age we live in. The cedars and palms of his Paradise have disappeared: we see the earth before us in an altered form: we see dense and dwarf plants upon it everywhere: we see it scratched by a succession of squatters, who rear a

* *Popey: British and Foreign.* By Walter Savage Landor. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

thin crop and leave the place dry and barren. Constancy and perseverance are among Milton's characteristics, with contempt of everything mean and sordid. Indifference to celebrity, disdain for popularity, unobtrusive wisdom, sedate grandeur, energy kept in its high and spacious armory until the signal of action sounded, until the enemy was to be driven from his intrenchment, these are above the comprehension, above the gaze, of noisy drummers in their caps and tassels. Milton stood conspicuous over the mines of fuel he accumulated for that vast lighthouse, founded on a solitary rock, which threw forth its radiance to Europe from amid the darkness and storminess of the British sea. In his eyes, before they closed for ever, all shades of difference in sectarians had disappeared; but Prelacy was necessary to despotism; and they met again. With weaker adversaries he had abstained from futile fencing, in which the button is too easily broken off the foil, and he sat down with the grave and pensive who united love of God with love of country. The enemies of the Independents could never wrench away their tenets, could overwhelm them only by numbers, and, when they were vanquished, could not deny that they were the manliest of mankind. Milton's voice, more potent and more pervading than any human voice, before or since, inspired by those heavenly Powers with whom we may believe he now exists in completer union, warned nations against the fragment of Popery impending over them from a carious old rock, of which carious old rock Simon Peter knew no more than of the carious old house which, as the Pope tells the faithful, God's angels brought through the air and deposited in the village of Loreto."

Can this be Macaulay so scorned and rudely buffeted in the passage marked by us in italics?

We have not considered the pamphlet of Landor as in any way settling the merits of the religious question between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, and we have avoided saying anything that might appear to bear upon the theological argument. The pamphlet that we have noticed is an English view of the Roman Catholic question, and looks almost exclusively to its political and social bearings on Great Britain.

LYELL'S GEOLOGY.*

We regard this treatise on Geology, the last written by Sir Charles Lyell, the best text-book on the science. It is an enlargement of his former work, the "Elements," and with the "Principles," and the scattered notices in his Travels in this country, includes his entire popular summary of the science. It embraces every fact of importance yet disclosed by observation, and touches on every theory advanced for the explanation of these phenomena. It not only states the conclusions arrived at by geologists, but it leads the mind along in the investigation. It not only points out the records of the earth's history, engraven on their rocky tablets, but teaches how they may be read, and how the key was furnished to decipher them. Perhaps the very cautious school of Geology to which Sir Charles Lyell belongs, always appealing to present experience as the only safe guide to judge of the past, fits him especially as an instructor.

The manual may almost be called an encyclopaedia of geology, and we cannot sufficiently admire the patience, the ardor and genius the author has displayed in this comprehensive treatise. Its value to the student is indicated by the fact that it contains over 500 engravings,

* A Manual of Elementary Geology; or, the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as Illustrated by Geological Monuments. By Sir Charles Lyell, M.A., F.R.S., President of the Geological Society of London. Third, and entirely revised edition. Illustrated with more than Five Hundred woodcuts. London: John Murray. Boston: Little & Brown.

many of them very fine, embracing the characteristic fossils of each era, the shells especially beautifully executed. On the whole we may say that with the Manual a person can become, with study, a respectable geologist. It is so happily arranged as to furnish agreeable reading to all classes—those who wish to become accurate in their knowledge, and those contented with obtaining a mere outline and general idea of the science. The portion of the work devoted to paleontology, we look on as filling a gap and long needed by readers unable easily to lay their hands on the numerous and expensive volumes in which the information is contained. The genera and species of every shell likely to be found by a beginner will be met in the fine plates, or at all events approximated. The labors of Cuvier, Mantell, Owen, and Agassiz furnish their beautiful and surprising results, and these are arranged in a form at once philosophic and entertaining. No lover of science and no intelligent reader will regret the time spent in the perusal of these fascinating pages. The enterprise of Messrs. Little and Brown in introducing to the American market, at reasonable rates, the original English edition of this work is worthy of every encouragement.

NICHOL'S PLANETARY SYSTEM.*

DR. NICHOL's Planetary System is a really splendid work, presenting the picturesque side of astronomy by the hand of an able artist. It is as if he had gone abroad among the stars, leading us by the hand, and returned rich with the pictured imagery of the world. It is no exaggeration to say that the contemplation of these glories of the Macrocosm forms part of the delights of angelic natures.

"Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke."

No subject can so exalt the imagination as to lift it from earth, and bid it stretch its airy wings, not beating about among the unsubstantial and chaotic nothings of metaphysic speculation, but employed with the great and permanent realities of the universe—those vast orbs, to which our planet is but a speck of sea sand; those time-absorbing revolutions to which our years are but moments; those motions that confound the mind to grasp their circles; those absorbing proofs, Infinity, and Eternity, and Omnipotence. Modern science is assuming, we conceive, a threefold aspect—a purely mathematical one for the minds that are actually at work measuring, computing, and envisaging; a philosophic one for those who inquire into its history and previous condition, and a moral one for those who look at it as a means of human culture. This latter the universal scope of science will, to a certain extent, embody the others, and relieve their dryness by portraying its materials in an artistic manner, showing its harmony, permanency, and beauty, and demonstrating the fixity and majesty of its laws.

We would direct the reader to some of the more attractive chapters in this beautiful treatise on the architecture of the Heavens. The history of the science and the progress of its development is one very interesting portion of the thread of the work, embracing the account of the last great step, the discovery of Neptune, and will, we think, be found extremely satisfactory. The plates are exquisite, embracing telescopic appearances of Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, a splendid map of the moon in quarter, and a lunar landscape of that re-

* The Planetary System: its Order and Physical Structure. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D. London: Hippolyte Baillière, 219 Regent street, and 169 Fulton street, New York, U. S.

markable crater named after the astronomer Tycho. The hypothesis advanced by Professor Nichol as to the lunar disturbances and the condition of the lunar surface seems highly probable; he considers the numerous radiating lines caused by similar conditions and forces to those which took place in that geological era when dikes of granite and trap were formed on the surface of the earth.

We think the elegant form of this volume will recommend it to those who have any taste or desire to enjoy the luxury of book reading. The print, the engravings, and the style altogether are suited to the matter.

An Elementary Treatise on Statics. By Gaspard Monge. With a Biographical Notice of the Author. Translated from the French by Woods Baker, A.M., of the U. S. Coast Survey. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle.—The simplest branch of Experimental Philosophy is the consideration of the forces of nature and their phenomenal effects in time and space. Here mathematics comes in to fix and determine, measure and divide in the domain of Physics, without which the latter would be indeterminate, while from the union each gains that practical value that would otherwise be utterly wanting. The science of space, time, and number would be barren were it not possible to construct in these otherwise empty forms—force, extension, resistance, elasticity, and the like, the conceptions of physical inquiry. The reputation of the distinguished mathematician, Monge, is a sufficient recommendation of this treatise, which will be found to furnish to the student of mechanics and the practical man the first step to the scientific study and understanding of that world of machinery that is the characteristic of the present era. Laying the foundation of knowledge on these sure principles will secure the mind against any of those visionary and delusive notions that have so often been productive of the loss of much time and money.

The Maid of Canal Street and the Blaxhams. By Miss Leslie. Phila.: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.—Written in idiomatic style, with a clear insight into character, and fine grasp of the peculiarities to be satirized, these stories (particularly the opening one) entitle Miss Leslie to a station among the few local writers of our country, who may be regarded as classics. The story is well managed, and the dialogue is exceedingly neat and happy; in many passages, for instance, in the dry and cool rejoinders of De Kronk to his matrimonial assailant, there are constant flashes of genuine wit. We doubt the justness of the catastrophe—the death of Mrs. De Kronk—in a work of this peculiar range; it is harsh and painful. So much we must say to be critical. Altogether, this is a most agreeable and satisfactory publication.

The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Tale III.—Helena Putnam.—We know of no one more fitted than Mrs. Clarke to portray the early character of Shakespeare's heroines; and we believe that the perusal of her interesting series will induce many to examine into the after fate of her character. For often persons who converse glibly of Shakespeare, have never read a page of his immortal plays.

The Chronicles of Pineville. By the Author of Major Jones's Courtship. Phila.: Getz & Buck.—A reprint of a very humorous book, the perusal of which we will guarantee to produce a hearty laugh, even in a victim of dyspepsia. It is illustrated with a number of comical cuts by Darley.

The New York Journal of Medicine. March.—Dr. Van Buren and Jonathan Kneeland contribute interesting articles in this number.

The North British Review. Feb. Scott & Co.—An unusually well filled number of an always interesting review, which has found the secret of challenging attention by its array of originally

prepared biographical and scientific facts. The article on Philip Doddridge is in the best style of Macaulay and Stephens, brilliant and clear in narrative, and with a feeling interpretation of acts and motives. The *Remains* of Arthur Hallam contains much novel material of philosophical interest, with illustrations of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." There is a Review of *Neander*, a scientific article on the California Mines (looking to their comparatively speedy exhaustion), papers on Christian Ethics, the Labor and "Woman" questions, Italy, and an interesting closing article in a spirit of appreciation of America, on Sir Charles Lyell's *Travels*, with a valuable account of the personal and scientific career of that eminent author.

Blackwood. March. Scott & Co.—A prompt reprint, with papers on Mrs. Jameson's *Monastic Orders*, *Lavengro*, *Southey*, &c.

Littell's Living Age, No. 358, March 29.—The concluding number of the 28th volume of this eminently valuable and judicious collection of the best English magazine and review literature. The work is stereotyped and so conducted that while it presents promptly the most desirable articles of the day, in its sphere, its papers are all of permanent value. Its quarterly *volumes* soon constitute a valuable library in themselves. The present number contains the life of the scholar Heyne, from Chambers's *Papers for the People*, printed entire.

London Labor and the London Poor. Part II. Harpers.—The Markets and Street Dealers in Vegetables, &c., occupy this number of Mr. Mayhew's instructive exhibition, statistical and descriptive, of the various modes of life of the great metropolis.

Virtue's Art-Journal for March is illustrated by *Rebekah at the Well*, by Hilton; the *Meadow*, a cattle piece by Callicott, from the *Vernon Gallery*; a piece of sculpture, "Early Sorrow," by MacDowell; the rich series of woodcuts, the Great Masters of Art, embracing Watteau and Huysmans, with exquisite feeling in the selection and execution, a continuation of the well prepared *Dictionary of Terms in Art*, the papers of Dr. Waagen, &c.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MESSRS. BANGS, BRO. & CO. opened their new building on Saturday evening, March 22, by an elegant entertainment to a number of gentlemen connected with literature as publishers, authors, and editors. The new edifice is of brown stone, and presents a façade of much architectural merit, while the sales-room is light, convenient, and most tastefully fitted up. Park Row is now one of the finest streets in the city, and the change in its fortunes, from gambling dens to the marts of literature, is a fortunate one for the city. We heartily wish these gentlemen, endeared to us as to all in business relations with them, by their uniform courtesy and liberality, a continuance, in their new locale, of the prosperity which has so long accompanied their exertions in their former one.

We refer our readers to the new literary announcements by Mr. Putnam in our advertising columns, which include new works by Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Cooper, Miss Cooper, Dr. Mayo, Mr. Squier, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Tuthill, &c. By an error of the press, Mr. Putnam's announcement of *New Works nearly ready*, was, last week, made to read—*now ready*. This will be found corrected in our present number.

It will be seen by an advertisement in our paper of this week that Mr. O. A. Roorbach, a veteran in the Trade of over thirty-three years' standing, for some time in charge of the wholesale department of Wiley & Putnam, and more recently occupying the same post with Mr. Putnam, has re-commenced business on his own account. To those in the Trade who are acquainted with him (and their name is legion), no commendation of ours is necessary. To those who are not, we would say, send him your orders, and they will be faithfully and promptly attended to. We understand he proposes to conduct his business on the cash principle.

The autobiographical portion of Mr. Borrow's *Lavengro* has been somewhat obscured by the mystifications and abrupt turns of the later portion of the work, and by the use of initials, scarcely to be understood in this country, at the beginning. That the work was autobiographical we had not the least doubt, nor much difficulty in sifting the realities from the occasional extravagances. A notice in *Leigh Hunt's Journal* confirms us in our view, and supplies certain blanks with personages of interest. "We gather," says that pleasant contribution to the literature of the times, "that George Borrow was born at East Dereham, 'a beautiful little town,' in the county of Norfolk, and early in the present century. His father was an officer in a marching regiment, continually on the move from one part of the kingdom to the other, and as Master George was a rambling little fellow, always poking his nose into out-of-the-way places, and among out-of-the-way people, such a life opened his eyes to a variety of things, and encouraged in him what brought Horatio from Wittemberg—a truant disposition e'en, my lord." Among the earliest of his remembrances are the *casernes* at Norman's Cross, in Huntingdonshire—gloomy *casernes*—where some six thousand French and other foreigners, followers of the Grand Corsican, were now immured.

"Wandering among the fens of Lincolnshire, young Borrow made the acquaintance of some gypsies, with whom, through the three volumes, he is always meeting, to learn more and more of their jargon. In higher branches, he had Robinson Crusoe and Lilly's Latin Grammar, and about the age of ten entered the famous High School of Edinburgh, whether his father's regiment was removed. Here, what with fighting and crag-climbing, he was in his element. Two years more, and the regiment removed again to a remote part of Ireland, where, with his usual perversity, he neglected Lilly's grammar and learned—Irish! A year or two more, and, with the peace, his family settled in 'a fine old city in the eastern corner of merry England,' which we know to be Norwich. The father preferred his first-born to George, whom he knew not what to make of, and left to his own devices. By chance an old grammar or two in a bookstall fell in his way, and the lad of fourteen mastered French and Italian. Angling one day near Norwich, he was accosted by 'the tall figure of a man dressed in raiment of quaint and singular fashion, but of goodly materials. He was in the prime and vigor of manhood; his features handsome and noble, but full of calmness and benevolence, at least I thought so, though they were somewhat shaded by a hat of finest beaver, with broad, drooping eaves,' for it belonged to a Quaker. The apparition scolded him for the cruelty of the sport he was engaged in; but finding that he had to do with a young linguist, put his library at his disposal, with its Greek and Hebrew, which were soon mastered. This must have been, from the context, Mr. Gurney, the Norwich banker. Some of our readers may remember how the young Fowell Buxton flirted about in the summer evenings with the fair Gurneys under the trees of their Norwich mansion, and how they made him leave off fox-hunting, and take to study and the 'cause of the negro.'

"But the most important of Mr. Borrow's Norwich acquaintances was one whom, though he does not name him, he has fully sketched in his first volume—the well known William Taylor, always called 'of Norwich,' as Hobbes was 'of Malmesbury.' Strange old William Taylor of Norwich. Though few of our younger readers have heard of him, he was a notable man in his day and generation; and if any of our readers who know him not, want an hour or two of racy and diverting reading, let them turn to his correspondence with *Southey*, which was published a few years ago. Taylor was the first eminent importer of German literature into England, performing the feat in the columns of Sir Richard Phillips's *Monthly Magazine*, to which he contributed for thirty years. He had strange peculiarities of style and thought, and was the friend of Robert *Southey*. Their intimacy dwindled in the course of years, as

Taylor grew more and more infidel, and, what was worse, took to drinking. We have heard him described as, in his later years, a volcano capped with snow, a fiery-red face (partly the result of potations) surmounted by the whitest hair, and his figure rather unsteady in its step as it stalked through the streets of Norwich. Latterly, he lay much in bed, and delighted in having clever young men around him, whom he indoctrinated in *scepticism*. He collected his essays on German literature before he died, and they got a mauling from Carlyle in the *Edinburgh Review*. Among the oddest of his odd ideas (which he wrote elaborate essays to support), was, that the *Apocryphal Book of Wisdom* was written by the grandfather of our Saviour, and that our Saviour himself was a soldier in the Roman army occupying Palestine! To Mr. Borrow he was very kind, insisting on his learning German, and helping him through with it. He even sought to interest *Southey* (if we remember rightly) in his *protégé*, and to procure him a situation in the Foreign Office, where his knowledge of languages might have been valuable. But aristocratic connexion, and not accomplishment, was in those days a passport to a situation in a Government office, and Borrow was indentured to an attorney.

"The Norwich friend, whom we take to be Taylor, had given him an introduction to a publisher, who, from one trait and another, *must* have been Sir Richard Phillips, the proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine*. Phillips, though mostly forgotten now, was also a notable man in his day, a Pythagorean in diet, a republican in principles, and a most unscrupulous man in trade. One of his many books, *the Founders of the French Republic*, is still worth reading, containing as it does curious anecdotic traits not to be found elsewhere. Mr. Borrow has evidently exaggerated, for effect's sake, much of his connexion with Sir Richard; but the whole account has a general air of verisimilitude. 'He was a tall, stout man, about sixty, dressed in a loose morning gown. The expression of his countenance would have been bluff, but for a certain sinister glance; and his complexion might have been called rubicund, but for a considerable tinge of bilious yellow.' The young author at his first interview proposes the poetical translations, &c., &c.; all of which are rejected as 'a drug.'"

The *Post* says of the resignation of Professor Edward T. Channing, at Harvard:—"It has already been mentioned in the *Evening Post* that Professor Edward T. Channing, who, for thirty years past or thereabouts, has filled the chair of Rhetoric at Harvard, has resigned his professorship. He had long since determined, on reaching a certain time of life, to retire, and has fulfilled his determination with an exactness which is not common. 'It is a pity,' says a valued correspondent of ours, 'that he set so early a time, I do not know a man who can make his place good.' Professor Channing is a thorough English scholar, and scarcely less familiar with the Latin writers. He is a man of true taste, and master of a pure and suggestive style, the beauty, richness, and force of which we learned to admire, many years since, when, just before accepting his professorship, he wrote for the *North American Review*, then for a brief period under the superintendence of his friend Dana, several critical articles, which attracted much attention, not only by their ability, but by the boldness of the literary judgments they expressed. Since that time he has written little for the press, but his lectures we have frequently heard spoken of as remarkable compositions. 'I have heard him deliver not more than half a dozen of his lectures,' says the correspondent to whom we have referred, 'but from my recollection of them, I have no doubt that if he publishes his several courses, they will give him a permanent reputation. All I can hope now, is, that he will immediately set about preparing them for the press. All the clever young men educated at Cambridge speak of how much they owed to him. A clergyman, who writes in a good, pure English style, once said to me: "I never sit down to write, without thanking Professor Channing for what he has done for me."

We hope, with all our hearts, that Professor Channing will occupy the leisure which is now before him in putting these lectures in a proper shape for publication. There are books enough of the kind, but we want something better than any of them, and this want the lectures of Professor Channing, we are confident, will supply."

The National Institute of France has recently (February 8) filled two vacancies, caused by death, in the division of Moral Sciences. The honors were conferred on Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, and Francis Lieber, LL.D., the distinguished Professor in South Carolina College.

The London *Art-Journal*, in reference to the sale of the Waverley copyrights, calls for a new illustrated edition—"the post octavo edition in forty-eight volumes, containing, considering the eminence of many of the artists employed in its embellishment, the least successful series of book prints we ever remember to have met with of the same pretensions; and the engravings are often little better than the designs. The principal cause of failure was the want of common judgment in the allocation of the respective subjects, which, by a *curiosa felicitas* of blundering, were, in the great majority of instances, placed in the wrong hands. The engravings of the 'Waverley' (Qy. Abbotsford) edition, rendered interesting by the representation of many scenes and objects, made no pretensions to a high class of Art. A library edition, printed and illustrated in the best manner, would, even at this late hour, be secure of a remunerative sale."

EDWARD MATORIN, Esq., who has been our fellow-townsmen for a long period, sails for Europe on the 1st of April, for a tour of the continent, but we believe, more particularly directing his steps towards the romantic haunts and scenes of Spain, with which his admirable Spanish lyrics show him to have a genuine sympathy. Mr. Maturin has many friends who wish him a happy voyage and a safe return: with a well-filled budget of interesting material for public use.

THE LATE M. M. NOAH.

THERE were few, at least, of our city readers acquainted with the man (and most knew him), who have not received with saddened feeling the death of M. M. Noah, which occurred on Saturday evening last, in the 67th year of his age. He was generally thought to be older; for a life of constant activity before the public, pursued with the uninterrupted kindness and usefulness of our late friend, for such it was our privilege to call him, fills up so many niches in our thoughts and recollections that, measured by the suggestions of ordinary men, it appears to be long in comparison. His life was familiar to the public from his boyhood—for it was his fortune in politics, in office, in the press, in the numerous city organizations, the theatre, the opera, the concert-room, as a leading member of his Ancient Faith, to become identified with New York and a part of its historic growth. His politics afforded topics of comment and criticism; but no one that we have ever listened to questioned the goodness of his heart or the prompt kindness of the man. There was a genial facility of temperament which smoothed all the asperities of those adverse fortunes and trials by which life and reputation were sometimes, among the men whom he met in his career, sorely harassed; but the friendly interpretation in the numerous columns of the press filled with the writings of Major Noah, was never wanting. In his course as an editor this kindness of character seemed to pervade his style. It was the smooth, easy, elegant reflex of the man—facile, humorous, abounding in wit and *bonhomie*—never tiring, never exhausted. It had no pretensions to the profound in speculation, but its general tolerance and common sense were frequently allied to

feeling "deep as the centre." In his youth, Major Noah published a book of *Travels in Barbary*, which is worth reading to this day. The enumeration of his folios of the press, their changes and associations, would probably fill a column. It was a service, daily and weekly, before the public, continued for nearly half a century; and to the last few weeks of his life, in the well conducted and always readable *Sunday Times*.

TO MACREADY.

FAREWELL! MACREADY, since to-night we part.
Full-handed thunders often have contest
Thy power, well used to move the public breast.
We thank thee with one voice, and from the heart.

Farewell! Macready, since this night we part.
Go, take thine honors home: rank with the best—

Garrick, and statelier Kemble, and the rest
Who made a nation purer through their art.
Thine is it that our Drama did not die,
Nor flicker down to brainless Pantomime,
And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.

Farewell! Macready: moral, grave, sublime,
Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleased, through twice a hundred years,
on thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOODSTOCK, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF HIRAM POWERS.

BOSTON, March, 1851.

* * * * *

"In your *Literary World* of the 1st, a letter speaks of Powers as a native of Cincinnati. P. is a 'Green Mountain Boy,' of Woodstock, a town lying in one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw. It has many times come up before me as it appeared to me as I drove into it last year, near the close of a summer's day, with its neat little farm-houses backed or *sided* by groups of trees, stretching out their long shadows over the soft, green, undulating slopes descending from a sheltering ridge to the bright water, and set off here and there by small flocks of sheep. How quiet it was! and what a sense of rest it spread over that troubled sea—man's bosom. Take care, at such a time, and do not, in thought even, pry too curiously within the doors yonder. Is it not sad that if we do, we shall be almost sure to feel something jar upon this peace of nature? There are those who may call this a morbid feeling. Better own that it springs from the very root of our being—from a consciousness within and without ourselves of disorder in the state of man.

"Although I well knew that P. was a Vermont Boy, I did not know, till our horses were at the door in the morning, that he was of Woodstock, when a gentleman asked me whether I had been to see the house where P. was born and brought up? I could not stop then; and we drove back over our road again. The long shadows had fled, and the slopes lay in the new sunshine, spread over with jewelry of many hues. And there again were feeding the broad-horned ox, and the motherly cow, and quick-nibbling sheep—not a bleat or low from one of them all: it was as still as a picture. Cincinnati has treated P. well; but don't let it rob Vermont of his name for all that."

FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

JOHN HOWARD PAINE, the author of the words of that most popular of all English songs, "Home,

"Sweet Home," has recently received for the second time the appointment of Consul at Turin.

The Hon. S. G. Goodrich, Consul to Paris, has taken passage for himself and family in the steamer "Arctic," which sails from this port for Liverpool on the 2d of April.

General George McDuffie died on the 11th inst., at the residence of Richard Singleton, Esq., in the district of Sumter, South Carolina. Mr. McDuffie had been afflicted for several years, and we presume finally sank under long physical prostration and suffering. Mr. McDuffie was a native of the State of Georgia, and was what is called a self-made man. He was for a number of years a Representative and subsequently a Senator in Congress from the State of South Carolina, and he also served at one period as the Governor of that State.

The *St. Louis Times* of the 7th inst. announces the death of Capt. Henry M. Shreve, one of the worthiest citizens of that community. He was, says the Times, one of the earliest and most intelligent pioneers of western commerce, having commenced flat-boating as early as 1808, and continued in that business until 1814. In December, 1814, he took charge of a steamboat (the third built on the western waters), and proceeded with her from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, performing the downward trip in fourteen days. He put himself and steamer under the direction of General Jackson, and, under cover of night, conveyed troops and supplies for the relief of Fort St. Phillips. During the battle of the 8th of January, he served one of the heavy field pieces which cut down the advancing column of General Kane. Although two steamers had previously made the downward trip, Capt. Shreve was the first one to make the upward voyage. By his own improvements of the steam-engine, and models of steam-boats, he first demonstrated the practicability of navigating the Mississippi by steam power, and for his success was honored with a public dinner more than a quarter of a century ago. To him the west owes also the destruction of the celebrated Livingston and Fulton monopoly, which had virtually locked up the navigation of the Mississippi. During the administrations of Adams, Jackson, and Van Buren, he was U. S. Superintendent of Western River Improvements. As the inventor of the steam snag-boat, he contributed more to the safety of the western commerce, and became a greater benefactor to the west than almost any one identified with the history of the Mississippi valley.

A correspondent of the *Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican*, writing from Boston under date of December 11, says:—"Little of scientific or literary interest has occurred of late in and about the good city of Boston. Professor Agassiz returned last week from his Florida expedition, richly laden with treasures, having brought back no less than thirty-six barrels and boxes, sixteen of which contained new animals preserved in alcohol. Professor A. announces the region in the vicinity of Key West to be one of the most interesting localities on the globe, considered in a scientific point of view. He was there enabled to watch and trace the progress of the coral-building insect in all its stages, as it is busily engaged in extending the Peninsula of Florida, south and east. He has demonstrated that the whole of this State is of a very recent origin, composed entirely, in the southeastern part, of coral reefs, covered in the course of years by a thin layer of soil. Professor Agassiz's investigations have also thrown no little light upon the formations of the secondary limestone, which play so important a part in the geological systems of this and other countries. Professor A. was obliged to cut short his labors rather summarily, among the Zoophytes, Brachiopods, Algae, Gorgonia, etc., etc., by the commencement of a vexatious law-suit for libel, which was on trial last week at Albany, New York. The alleged libel consists in a criticism on a geological map, published a year or two since with a view of being introduced into the schools of New York. The criticism, which appears to us to have been merited, effectually killed the map, and hence the suit."

It is estimated, says the *Evening Post*, that there are in this city over two hundred thousand buildings, including houses, stores, and outbuildings; two million five hundred thousand windows and doors; one hundred and fifty thousand chimneys; twenty thousand awning and lamp posts; thirty-five thousand fences and walls; thirty thousand trees; and five thousand pieces of shipping, from the smallest sail boat to the largest packet ship and steamer.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—N. received. A second paper from Taylor Lewis, on the "Higher Law," will appear in our next.

ERRATA.—On page 233, second column, thirty-fifth line from top, for *fact* read *poet*. Also in the second column of page 233, twenty-four lines from the bottom, for *man* read *mass*.

G. P. PUTNAM announces as nearly ready: Washington Irving's *Alhambra*, Author's revised edition (completing the series of this collective edition of his works). Washington Irving's *Life of George Washington*. Theodore Irving's *Conquest of Florida*, Author's revised edition. *Cooper's Men of Manhattan*. *Cooper's Wing and Wing*. *Two Admirals*. *Water Witch*, Author's revised edition. A New Work by Miss Cooper, Author of "Rural Hours." *Romance Dust*, from the *Historic Placer*, by Dr. Mayo, author of "Kaaloolah." *Second Love*; or, the *World's Opinion*, by Martha Martell. *Juvenile Journeys in Search of the Wonderful*, by Dr. Mayo, with Illustrations. *Gilbart's Practical Treatise on Banking*, 1 vol. 8vo. The *Monuments of Central America*, with Illustrations, by Dr. Hawks. *Nicaragua*: Its Present Condition, Resources, &c., by E. G. Squier, Esq. *Serpent Worship*, &c., by E. G. Squier. Professor M. Stuart's *Commentary on Ecclesiastes*. *The Artist*, by Mrs. Tuthill (forming the 4th of the Series, "Success in Life"). A New England Tale, by Miss C. M. Sedgwick. A new work by Miss Sedgwick. Putnam's *Portable Cyclopædias*; or, *Home Manuals*; uniform with the "World's Progress":—The *Hand Book of Science*—The *Hand Book of Literature and the Fine Arts*—The *Hand Book of Biography*—The *Hand Book of Useful Arts*.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia, have nearly ready, *The Physician's Prescription-Book*, containing Forms, Phrases, Abbreviations, &c., &c. Tuckerman's *Characteristics of Literature*; second series, completing the work. *The Golden Sands of Mexico*, with Illustrations by Croome; cheap edition.

BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia, will publish immediately, *Hepworth Dixon's Life of William Penn*, with a chapter on the "Macaulay Charges." Lord Campbell's *Chief Justices of England*, 2 volumes 8vo. *Nichol's Planetary System*. *Graham's Elements of Chemistry*, with several important Medical publications.

A. HART, Philadelphia, has in preparation Pepys's *Diary*, in monthly volumes. The *London Year Book of Facts for 1851*, by Jno. Timbs. *The Practical Dyer's Guide*, comprising 800 Receipts, and which treats of every description of Dyeing. *The American Cotton Spinner's Guide* and *Carder's Assistant*, by the late Robert H. Baird; uniform with "The Engineer's Pocket Book." *Nell Gwynne*; or, the *Court of the Stuarts*: an Historical Novel. *Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, by Miss Benger, author of "Anne Boleyn," 2 vols. 16mo., cloth extra gilt (uniform with *Memoirs of Josephine*). *The Dennings and their Beaux*, by Miss Leslie. *Memoirs of the Queens of France*, by Miss Forbes (uniform with *Memoirs of Maria Antoinette*). *The Ladies' Historical Library*, 5 vols. post 8vo. *The Manufacture of Steel*, a *Hand-Book for Machinists, Wagon-Makers, Hardware Manufacturers, &c., &c.*, by Frederick Overman, author of "Manufacture of Iron," 1 vol. 18mo. *The Widow Rugby's Husband and a Night at the Ugly Man's*, by J. J. Hooper, Esq., author of "Adventures of Simon Suggs," with Original de-

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